

## BREAKFASTS

My fondest childhood memories include breakfasts [girl/ pens/ with] my grandparents in the kitchen of [bring/ their/ horse] second-story flat in Chicago. Very [paper/ steam/ early] in the morning, the smell of [fresh/ reach/ plans] perked coffee would rouse me from [it/ see/ my] sleep. I could hear her soft slippers [lowering/ raising/ padding] across the linoleum floor as my grandmother prepared [pen/ for/ tar] the cooking and baking of the [red/ day/ rain].

I slept in the bedroom just off the kitchen. [Of/ A/ I] listened to her conversing quietly with [ten/ my/ of] grandfather or humming softly to the [sap/ lie/ top]-forty hits jangling from the radio. [Be/ I/ To] would doze off now and [then/ team/ bows], enjoying the softness of my father's [poke/ old/ sit] bed and wondering whether he had allowed [the/ sand/ are] noises of Grandma's kitchen to pull [hat/ him/ lip] out of sleep each morning when [at/ he/ it] was a child.

Soon, I would [want/ gum/ trot] into the kitchen. Grandma would greet [ten/ why/ me] with a "Good Morning!" and a [towel/ strong/ paper] hug. "What can I fix you for breakfast?" [she/ seem/ wind] would ask, even though she knew [be/ a/ I] would order eggs, my favorite breakfast. "[Can/ How/ But] about a little sausage, too?"

"Sure!"

"[Fox/ Blue/ And] some toast to go with those [lame/ bust/ eggs]" she would offer. She knew I [slam/ liked/ hill] to soak the runny yolk of [to/ my/ fun] eggs "over easy" with toast. But [sand/ hers/ tree] was no ordinary toast. She baked homemade [just/

hump/ fresh rolls each week and was heating [dial/ pane/ mine] up on the rack in the [oven/ dime/ hole]. She would then fry the eggs [in/ at/ of] olive oil in a heavy iron skillet [batter/ horse/ while] my grandfather poured me a cup [of/ up/ at] coffee. My mother did not exactly approve [go/ of/ ten] the coffee because the caffeine would [nice/ keep/ face] me awake, but Grandma and Grandpa [bugs/ hill/ would] let me drink it when I visited [them/ slide/ good] alone.

Grandpa would pour half milk [the/ and/ form] half coffee into my mug and [beat/ ship/ then] add about three or four teaspoons [of/ top/ an] sugar. Just the way he and [do/ I/ an] liked it.

"There we go," Grandma [steam/ would/ desks] sing, as she placed a plate [of/ to/ at] sizzling eggs, spicy sausage links, and crunchy, buttered [rains/ catch/ toast] in front of me. She would [keeps/ watch/ grows] with joy as I devoured the breakfast [tag/ she/ and] had prepared for me.

After I [box/ more/ had] soaked up the last bit of [seemed/ fails/ runny] egg yolk into my toast and swallowed [the/ sand/ area] last gulp of coffee (which was [extra/ guest/ green] sweet because the sugar had settled [of/ got/ to] the bottom of the cup), I [towel/ summed/ would] help Grandma wash dishes. I had [to/ at/ of] stand on a chair to reach [the/ are/ mat] sink. I plunged my hands into [get/ hop/ the] hot, sudsy water and scrubbed each [foes/ dish/ red] carefully. Grandma would then nudge me [with/ task/ make] her elbow and say, "How about helping [me/ set/ so] make more ravioli today for when [look/ read/ your] mom and dad come to pick [ten/ you/ pie] up?"